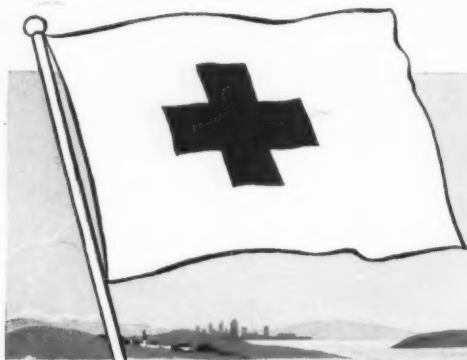


# American Junior Red Cross

MARCH • 1954





# OUR FLAG

Words and music by  
Fifth Grade, Burbank School,  
Long Beach, California

I love the flag of pur - est white, With cross of red so  
We sent a box in friend-ship's name, From Greece an an - swer  
bright, Which waves in time of na - tions' peace through-out the world  
came, Which told of many a grate-ful heart be - cause we un-  
for friend-ship's sake, And e - ven when wars do not cease, The  
der stood and gave, And each one did his lit - tle part. Each  
Red Cross flag waves o - ver all, And gives re - lief to ev - ery call.  
gave what he would wish to share, To send for friend-ship ev - erywhere.

CHORUS:  
Join hands, join hands, You boys and girls, Sa - lute the  
flag of red and white. Join ever - y hand in  
ever - y land, 'Til peace breaks through with shin - ing light.

Illustrated by Jo Fisher Irwin

# Good Times Together

VOLUME 35 MARCH 1954 NUMBER 5

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## DOING FOR OTHERS

Not what you Get, but what you Give  
Is that which proves your Right to Live.

—Arthur Guiterman.  
(E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.)

## March and the Red Cross

March is a special month in the Red Cross world. This is the time set aside for all friends of the Red Cross to give gifts of money to carry on its many services. Because of these gifts, the American Red Cross is able to give help to people who have suffered because of disasters, to give needed services to men in the armed forces, and to carry on all of its many other activities.

Boys and girls are not expected to contribute money themselves nor are they asked to solicit funds. This is the responsibility of the grown-ups. Boys and girls can help during the Red Cross Fund Campaign, however. They can tell their parents and friends about the many things the Red Cross does for people everywhere who are in need. They can also make sure a Red Cross sticker is in one of their windows at home.

## Traffic Regulations

By Nona Keen Duffy

*Traffic regulations  
You must all obey;  
They're for your protection  
In traffic every day.*

*Observe them very closely,  
All the coming year,  
Then there is no danger  
And nothing one should fear.*

*When the light is green  
Or you hear the bell,  
You may make a crossing  
Knowing all is well!*

## March Cover

How many signs of March can you find on your NEWS cover this month? The artist, Gisella Loeffler, hasn't left out many of the well-known ones. Miss Loeffler is no stranger to the NEWS, for she has been one of our most popular artists for many years.

Her home is in Taos, New Mexico, where she keeps busy making illustrations for children's books, murals, and Christmas cards. Her latest venture is in designing a gay set of dishes. Miss Loeffler has gained international fame from her work. She dresses in Navajo costume and jewelry and is as colorful as the art she produces in her studio.

—LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.

NEWS  
American Junior Red Cross



# BILLY and his XA-1

Story by  
CHARLES R. KOEHLER

Illustrated by  
Reynold Brown

**Billy's friends poked fun  
at his model plane . . . until  
after the judges' decision.**

**B**ILLY STEVENS raced down his cellar steps with Frank Fisher close behind him. His eyes sparkled with pride as he gently picked up the XA-1 and turned to Frank.

"There she is," he grinned. "All ready for tomorrow."

Frank's mouth fell open and his eyes stared in surprise. "What a funny looking airplane!" he shouted.

Billy's grin disappeared. "What's so funny about it?" he asked.

"Pointed wing tips!" Frank exclaimed. "And whoever saw a V-shaped tail on an airplane?" He laughed some more. "Will it fly?" he asked between laughs.

Billy's eyes narrowed. A lot Frank knows about airplanes, he thought. Even if he is a member of the Clarksville Model Flying Club's registration committee, he can't get away with laughing at my model.

"Of course it will fly," he said. "I tested it myself. The XA-1 is going to win first prize in the model air show tomorrow, so there."

"First prize for the funniest looking airplane, maybe," Frank said. He started up the cellar steps.

"You just wait until tomorrow and see," Billy said loudly. He saw that Frank had stopped laughing.



"All right," Frank called down the steps. "But, remember, you have got to be there at 2 o'clock sharp."

"I'll be there," Billy said as Frank disappeared. He looked at the XA-1. Frank laughed because I'm the youngest member of the club, Billy thought.

He placed the model on the work bench. "Well, I'll show him I can win a prize even if this is the first model I've ever entered in a contest," he said to himself.

Billy began to wonder if the model really would fly well enough to win a prize. True, he thought, it flew yesterday but there isn't time enough now to test it any more before the show. He heard his mother calling him to dinner.

All that night he dreamed of flying models in bright colors and all sorts of shapes. They did impossible stunts and landed and took off so well that everybody wondered if they had miniature pilots in them. Once he woke up when he dreamed that Frank had laughed at him when Frank's model won all the prizes. It was a long time before his heart stopped pounding and Billy drifted back to sleep.

When he awoke the sun was shining brightly and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. He could hardly wait until lunch time, and when his mother called him he hurried through eating and raced for the cellar to get the XA-1.

When Billy got to the playground where the air show was to be held, he saw that a large crowd had gathered. Tables had been set up where each boy could display his model. At the longest table Billy saw George Marks, who was chairman of the registration committee. When Billy came up to him George stopped talking to three men and turned to Billy.

"Let me show you where to put your model," he said.

"Thank you," Billy said. George led the way to a table where Billy saw a sign that said, "XA-1, by William Stevens."

"Put your model here," George said with a smile. "Judging will start in a minute."

"Thanks," Billy said. He put the plane on the table and his heart began to pound as a number of boys gathered around it.

"What a funny looking airplane," he heard one boy say.

"Yes," said another. "Look at that tail."

"Look at those pointed wings," said a third boy.

"Does it really fly?" asked a redheaded boy whom Billy didn't know.

"Yes, it flies," Billy said. He walked away, feeling a peculiar tightness come in his stomach. Everybody seemed to be making fun of the XA-1 but he knew there was nothing he could do about that. The model was entered now for all the crowd to see.

AFTER George had introduced the judges to everyone the crowd applauded and the men began to walk among the tables.

When the judges came to the XA-1 they didn't even pause, and as they went by one man looked back with a brief smile. Billy's heart seemed to beat right up in his throat and his breath felt as if it were going to choke him. When Billy saw Frank's model get first prize for the best workmanship, he remembered his dream.

When the time came to fly the models Billy was so disheartened he wasn't paying any attention to the flights, and the crowd's applause made an ache inside him. Suddenly someone was shouting, "Billy Stevens! It's time to fly your airplane."

Billy walked over and picked up the XA-1. Slowly, with all eyes on him, he walked over to the landing strip and prepared the motor for the little airplane's flight.

At a signal from George he released the XA-1 and the tiny airplane sped down the runway, bumping and bouncing along. Just when Billy had given up hope, the XA-1 suddenly took off in a steep climb.

At the edge of the field it turned and continued to climb until soon it was so high the judges had to squint to see it. The crowd began to cheer as the XA-1 got



Billy's XA-1 soared, then it banked. "Straighten out! Level off!" the crowd shouted.

smaller and smaller in the blue sky. Then it banked again and this time, to Billy's horror, it began to fall straight down.

"Straighten out! Level off!" the crowd began to shout. "It'll never make it," some cried, and the little model plunged straight to the ground and hit with a bounce and a crash. Bits of shattered wood and brightly colored tissue flew in every direction.

"Good try, Billy," said a laughing voice. Billy turned and saw Frank holding his prize. Billy turned away quickly and walked from the crowd over to a corner of the playground. His heart felt permanently stuck in his throat and his stomach was tied in a tight knot. It didn't even matter when Frank's model crashed almost as his had done. Then he heard his name being called. Two boys rushed up to him and began to lead Billy toward the judges at the head of the tables.

One of the judges was speaking and Billy saw that he had a friendly face. He took Billy's hand.

"Folks," he said with a smile, "I understand that this is the first contest this young man has entered. We all know that his model crashed but we also know that it flew higher than any other model. It was an experimental model. I wish we had a special prize for Billy Stevens, but as we don't I want to congratulate him personally and say that, as long as this country has experimenters like him, we will always have the best leaders in aviation."

As the crowd cheered all Billy could say was "Thank you." His heart was pounding with joy. As he started for home George called to him.

"Guess what, Billy," he said. "The club has decided to have a prize next year for experimental models."

"Good," he said. Then he saw Frank walk up. Billy frowned.

"Yes," Frank said. "And I suggested that it be called the Billy Stevens Prize. I'm sorry your airplane crashed."

"That's all right," Billy said. "I'll make a better model."

THE END.

# Putting ARC in March

**D**URING the month of March in each home and in each town, people open their hearts to give to the American Red Cross. That is why March is known as ARC month, for that is when the fund campaign is held. This year the goal has been set at 85 million dollars. This money will be spent to help members of our armed forces and people in need, wherever there is a flood, fire, war, or other disaster.

Although boys and girls are not asked to give money, they can help the chapter in many ways, as shown by the pictures on this page. They can also help by telling everyone of the big job the American Red Cross has to do this coming year.



★ ANSWER THE CALL! David Schorer and his dog help distribute fund posters. (Westchester County Chapter, N. Y.)



HELPING HANDS—JRC members make decorations for the kick-off breakfast for the Red Cross fund campaign. (Hinds County Chapter, Miss.)



# CLARA BARTON

Founder of the American Red Cross



**C**LARA BARTON was born December 25, 1821, on a farm near Oxford, Massachusetts. The four older Barton children, Sally, aged 11, David, 13, Stephen, 15, and Dorothy, 17, gazed eagerly at the tiny bundle in their father's arms. Carefully he raised the soft blanket from around the baby's face.

"Your Christmas gift, Clarissa Harlowe Barton, wishes you all a Merry Christmas," said Captain Barton proudly.

"That name is too long for this little girl. I shall call her Clara," said Dorothy, taking the baby in her arms.

The Christmas baby became the pet of the family. She soon toddled around, followed by a train of her own pets. Button, her little white dog, was always near her. A cat and kittens, a hen and a rooster, a fierce old turkey gobbler, and a snapping turtle were among Clara's queer friends.

David's hunting dog, Patches, a large white hound with reddish spots, was run over one day by a wagon. His paw was badly mashed, but he wouldn't allow David to touch it. Clara went into the barn where Patches was lying, sat down by him, smoothed his head, and began to talk softly to him. Then she gently touched his wounded leg and the dog licked her hand.

Clara washed the injured paw, put liniment on it and bandaged it, talking to him as she worked. When she had finished, Patches licked Clara's hand again as if to thank her.

When she was 5 years old Clara started to school. But she was so shy and unused to being with other children her own age that her parents felt she was better off at home. At 9 Clara went to Mr. Richard Stone's Academy. She was still bashful and timid. She made no friends. She was even afraid to answer in class and to eat enough food at the table. The child grew so thin and pale that the doctor advised her father to take her home.

Then Clara began to study at home. Dorothy, a school teacher, taught her to read books far in advance of her age. Sally helped her with spelling, and Stephen taught her arithmetic. Through Captain Barton's war stories, Clara gained a knowledge of history and geography.

David helped his sister train her body. When Clara was a tiny girl he had taught her to ride horseback. She was not afraid to ride any horse in the pasture. She and David rode horse races, ran foot races, climbed trees, and played ball.

Mrs. Barton loved her small daughter and liked to have Clara with her. Clara



Story by

ALBERTA POWELL GRAHAM

Illustrated by

Tim Evans

The soldiers called  
her the "Angel  
of the Battlefields."



learned to cook and sew. These two crafts helped her greatly later in life.

David Barton was badly injured by a fall from the roof of a new barn. He was ill in bed for 2 years, and through all that time he would let no one but Clara take care of him. Soon after David's recovery a workman on the Barton farm had smallpox. Clara nursed the man until his death; then she became sick with the same disease. After Clara got well she nursed the other cases in the village. By this time she had outgrown her shyness. She finished her schooling and became a successful teacher.

Growing tired of teaching, Clara took a government position in Washington, D. C. There, when Clara saw the troops marching away to fight in the Civil War, she began her life work.

"If I can't be a soldier, I can help the soldiers," she declared. "I am thankful that I know how to care for the sick."

She was no longer timid, but unusually brave. Not content to work in the war hospitals, Clara got a pass to follow the troops into the first line of battle. There she could take needed supplies and attend to the wounded at once. The soldiers called her the "Angel of the Battlefields."

Clara Barton worked through all the

years of the Civil War. Then she spent her time searching for the missing prisoners of war, soldiers who had not returned, and lecturing throughout the country concerning her experiences during the war.

At this time Miss Barton's health again failed. Her doctor sent her to Switzerland for a complete rest. There she learned of the Red Cross movement in Europe which had been founded by Henri Dunant. He interested Clara in the work of that society. But the war between France and Prussia came on, and Clara Barton joined the Grand Duchess of Baden in European war work through 4 more years.

Clara then returned to America and began her great task of organizing the American Red Cross. She served as president of this society for 23 years. Through Clara Barton's efforts huge funds were collected to help people through fires, floods, cyclones, tornadoes, wars, disease epidemics, and all sorts of disasters. With her staff of loyal workers, Clara Barton was always on hand to help the sufferers.

Clara Barton died April 12, 1912, at her home, Glen Echo, in Maryland, near Washington, D. C. She was one of America's great women, whose name is known and honored all over the world.



Dolls (above and on facing page) sent by Japanese JRC to the American Junior Red Cross.

One of the most exciting times for Japanese girls comes early in March when the dolls' festival is held. Junior Red Cross members of Tenpozan Middle School in Kagoshima, Japan, tell about this festival in a school correspondence album they sent to Paris Gibson Junior High School, Great Falls, Montana.

**D**EAR Friends of America—After a long silent winter, March has come at last. We are going to have *Hina Matsuri* or the dolls' festival very soon.

First of all, let us explain to you about the origin of *Hina Matsuri*. *Hina* stands for something tiny and lovable. For instance, we call chickens *hina* and we also call a small model of a man *hina*, that is, a doll. *Hina Matsuri* is sometimes called *hina asobi* or play dolls. In ancient times it was probably one of the children's games like "playing house" of little girls today.

About 300 years ago *Hina Matsuri* was first held at the Imperial Palace and since then has been continued every year.

Now we're going to tell you how we display the dolls. *Hinadan*, the name of the place where we display the dolls, is com-

# JAPANESE

posed of 5 or 7 stairs of wood. We can increase the stairs according to the number of dolls.

On the top step we put *dairi-bina*, which stands for emperor and empress. On the next step are put three *kanjo* or court ladies who take care of *dairi-bina*. On the third stair are *gonin-bayashi* or five musicians with musical instruments.

Two *zuishin* or high officials are placed on the fourth step, a young man on the left and an old one on the right. Then on the fifth step come the *shicho* or men-servants. One in the center is holding a pair of shoes, and on each side is another holding an umbrella.

These 15 dolls make one set of *hina* dolls. But in addition there are some other



# DOLLS' FESTIVAL

dolls and furniture, such as gold folding screens at the back of *dairi-bina*, hand lanterns (*bonbori*) on both sides of *dairi-bina*, braziers, court carriages (*gosho-guruma*), palanquins (*kago*), mirrors, toilet sets, chests of drawers.

For food there are white *hishimochi* or rice cakes piled up in three different colors, in order of red, green, and white; also Japanese sweet cakes on a plate, and *jubako* or picnic boxes.

All of these vessels are lacquered articles which are peculiar to Japan, and each of them is a fine thing with pictures in gold on black ground.

We also put a *sakon-no-sakura* or cherry tree on the right of the steps, and a *ukon-no-tachibana* or mandarin orange



tree on the left. These are artificial trees.

We display all these gorgeous dolls and furniture on the stairs which are covered with red cloth, and we invite many little girls to the festival. We have a very good time together singing songs, playing games, and enjoying dances.

We do wish to have a good time with you, but it is impossible, for you are living so far away across the sea. So, we are going to send you this album, and we all hope you will learn a little about our country and its customs. We hope you will always have good health.

THE END.

## JAPANESE JUNIOR RED CROSS

FOUNDED in 1922, the Japanese Junior Red Cross was reorganized in 1947. Today it has a membership of 584,000, and carries on an active program in the schools of Japan. Members take part in community services, in school correspondence, school art, in making holiday favors for United States military hospitals, and in home nursing, first aid, accident prevention, and water safety.

Leadership training centers are held during the summers, and in 1952 an International Training Center was attended by many boys and girls of other countries who were living in Japan.



PHOTO COURTESY  
SACHIKO HASHIMOTO

A Japanese mother shows her little girl some of the dolls displayed for the festival.



*Illustrated by*  
Ann Eshner

◀ "Might your father bring me  
a leghorn bonnet like yours?"  
Hannah asked Sophia.

# Sophia's Bonnets

**A true story by Helen Reeder Cross**

**about a girl who lived in the**

**early days of our country and found**

**a way to win both fame and fortune.**

12

**H**ANNAH and Sophia walked arm in arm down the path through the village Common. Their dresses were of thin sprigged mull. Bonnet brims shaded their faces from the summer sun.

"Might your father bring me a leghorn bonnet like yours from his next voyage?" Hannah asked enviously. Today her own starched muslin one seemed old and unfashionable.



"Next time he visits Italy he might," Sophia replied. "Though that may be a long while. When the *Venture* sails again it will be to China for a cargo of silk and spices."

Sophia sighed at the prospect of another separation from her father. Being a sea captain's daughter in the year 1813 made life an endless seesaw—either dull or exciting. Sometimes she and her mother were alone for a whole year. Still, when the great sails of the *Venture* billowed into sight, it was easy to forget the long, lonely times.

Yesterday had been such a day. How wonderful such reunions were! It was good to hear her father's deep laugh fill the house, to see the glow of happiness on her mother's face.

"Methought, now she is 12, my little Sophia might be growing up," Captain Woodhouse had said. "I brought no doll this time, but something to delight her mirror."

The "something" had been this beautiful bonnet from Italy. It was braided of the finest leghorn straw. Tiny pink roses bloomed on its brim. Long streamers of silk tied under Sophia's chin.

No wonder Hannah was envious! There had never been a prettier bonnet in Wethersfield. Instead of keeping their eyes on the Singing Master's counting stick today, half the girls had stolen green-eyed glances at Sophia.

"The straw looks like the kind the Indians used to braid," Hannah said. She touched the bonnet delicately. "My grandmother had such a basket. A squaw made it for her from grasses found in the meadows. Only yours is much finer and prettier," she added loyally.

The two girls reached Hannah's house.

"Good-bye," she waved to Sophia. "Give your father my message. It might profit him to bring back a shipload of leghorn bonnets. Every woman and girl in Wethersfield would buy one, had she the chance."

"I wish father had brought two bonnets,"

Sophia thought as she walked on alone. Hadn't she once cross-stitched a sampler that read, "Shared pleasures are sweeter"?

Suddenly, without warning, a boy jumped from behind a sumac bush in front of Sophia. She was startled half out of her wits. But it was only Gurdon.

"Why must you be forever teasing me?" she reproved him crossly.

Gurdon grinned.

"Why, milady," he said, "I scarce knew you in all that finery."

In spite of herself, Sophia was pleased.

"Do you like my bonnet?" she asked eagerly. For all his teasing, she and Gurdon had been friends all their lives.

"It makes you look too grown-up—but pretty," he told her. "Only it's a shame you're so busy these days with new bonnets and Singing School. I've had a secret saved to show you."

"Show me now—please!" Sophia begged. Gurdon's secrets were always exciting. "Here," she said when he hesitated, "I'll take off my bonnet. Then I won't have to be so careful."

She undid the strings and tied them to a branch of the sumac bush.



Sophia ran with Gurdon to get out of the storm, leaving her precious bonnet.

"The surprise is in the Meadows," Gurdon said.

The Meadows were great fields of high waving grass growing near the river. Sophia and Gurdon never took anyone, even Hannah, with them when they played there. It was their own secret place.

Here acres of waist-high, feathery, red-topped grass were like a jungle to crawl through on hands and knees. Here they played "Hide and Seek" and "Stalk the Indian" through a maze of paths in the grass. Here they found strange insects and birds.

It was a good surprise. Gurdon had found a quail's nest with ten tiny eggs in it. After a good look at them, the children slipped away to their favorite spot—an oak tree "island" in the sea of grass.

While Gurdon climbed the tree, Sophia sat beneath it. She absently picked some of the tallest stalks of grass and stripped them of their rough sheaths.

"What are you doing?" Gurdon asked curiously as he hung upside down over her head.

"Seeing if I can braid the grass like the Indians used to," Sophia told him.

The stalks were easy to work with when stripped. And it was the same wheat color as her new leghorn bonnet.

"Only I could never braid it so fine, I'm sure," she told herself. "Or set the ends together so they wouldn't break." Still, it was fun to try.

All of a sudden a shadow fell over the Meadows. A dark cloud covered the sky. Thunder rumbled angrily.

"Hurry, Gurdon! We'll get wet!" Sophia called. She ran through the grass. Though she had a head start, Gurdon soon raced past her. Lucky boys with no long skirts to slow them down! The storm broke in a fury just as Sophia reached home.

"Daughter!" Mistress Woodhouse chided her. "I feared you'd be soaked. Where is your bonnet? Did you leave it at Singing School?"

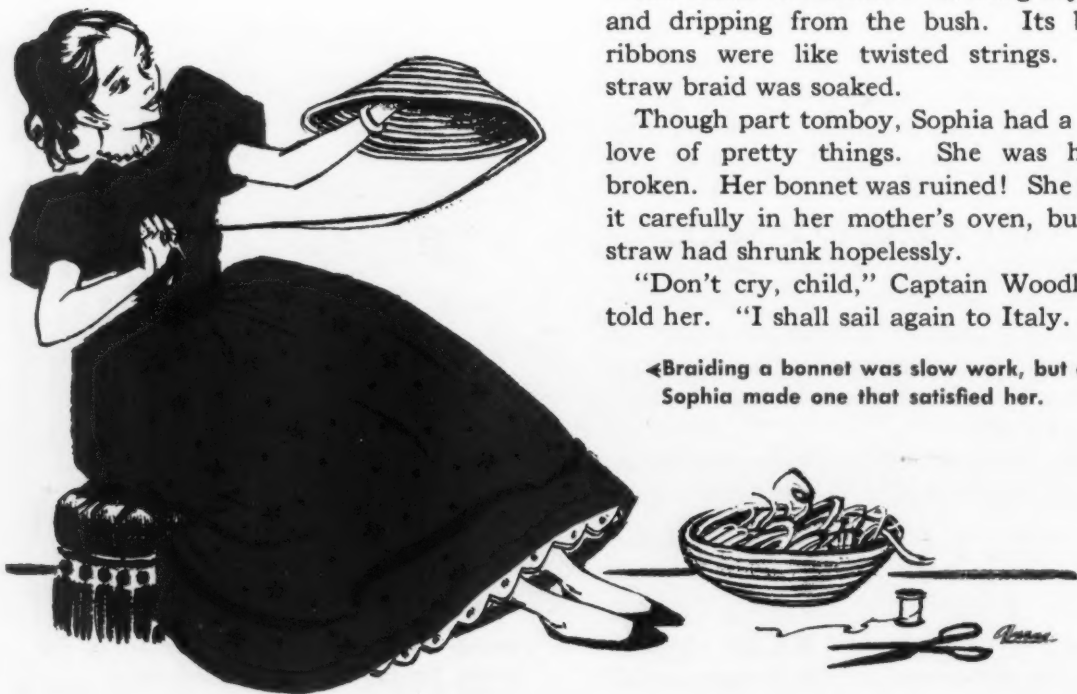
Sophia gasped. Her bonnet! She had left it hanging from the sumac bush! She turned and raced back into the rain. What a downpour! Sophia could scarcely see the path as she ran.

She found the bonnet. It hung dejected and dripping from the bush. Its brave ribbons were like twisted strings. The straw braid was soaked.

Though part tomboy, Sophia had a girl's love of pretty things. She was heart-broken. Her bonnet was ruined! She dried it carefully in her mother's oven, but the straw had shrunk hopelessly.

"Don't cry, child," Captain Woodhouse told her. "I shall sail again to Italy. You

◀Braiding a bonnet was slow work, but at last Sophia made one that satisfied her.



shall have another leghorn bonnet some fine day, I promise."

But "some fine day" was too far away to comfort Sophia. There was only one answer. She must make another bonnet. If the Indian squaws had once braided baskets of grass from the Meadows, she could learn to braid bonnets from this same grass. Before she fell asleep that night, Sophia had woven a dream of the elegant "leghorn" bonnet she would braid—as fine as any to be had from Italy.

Most daydreams (even night-time ones) have a way of melting with the light of morning. Not Sophia's. The very next day she spent an hour in the Meadows, braiding grass.

It was slow work. It took several years of trying. But at last Sophia braided a bonnet so like the gift from her father that everyone exclaimed at her cleverness.

That first bonnet was a gift to Hannah. The next one was for Sophia's mother, the third for herself. Even the tiny roses, pink, blue, and violet, were as delicate as the ones on the bonnet from Italy—real enough

to be growing on the brims, everyone said.

By this time Sophia's gift for working with meadow grasses and a needle was known throughout Wethersfield. First one, then another of the young ladies of the Singing School asked her to make them bonnets, too—for a fine fee.

When Sophia was 19 years old her friends persuaded her to enter a bonnet at the county fair. It won a prize. Captain Woodhouse, proud of his daughter's cleverness, took a hat to England on his next voyage. There it won an award at the London Society of Arts. The prize was 20 golden guineas in a Moroccan leather case.

"Wethersfield Bonnets"—as they came to be called—became the fashion in New York and Boston. Even the wife of President John Quincy Adams wore one of Sophia's straw hats at a party in Washington. The President himself wrote Sophia a letter praising its beauty.

In 1820 Sophia married Gurdon, now a fine young man who sailed her father's ships. She had become both rich and famous at a time when few girls dreamed of being either.

THE END

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## FAVORS for ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Thanks to JRC members of Spring Street School (Atlanta, Georgia), there will be gay party favors for the veterans' hospital on St. Patrick's Day.

BILL WILSON—  
ATLANTA JOURNAL CONSTITUTION





U. S. stamp of 1948, honoring Clara Barton, founder of American Red Cross (see also page 8 of the NEWS).



Stamp issued in 1952 by the United States, honoring the International Red Cross.

## Is Stamp Collecting Your Hobby?

By EUGENE N. S. GIRARD

**Red Cross stamps the world over make a fine addition for any collector.**

**F**OR MORE THAN a hundred years people have been collecting postage stamps—the little colored labels that we put on our letters to pay for the postage to carry them to their destination. Today, millions of boys and girls—and men and women, too—in all parts of the world are active stamp collectors, searching eagerly for new specimens to add to their albums.

Over the years all kinds of designs have been used to add to the interest and beauty of the stamps issued by the various governments of the world. Kings and queens were the earliest persons to be pictured. Soon they were followed by famous men and women, by scientists, and artists, and authors—by explorers, soldiers, and government leaders noted in the histories of the nations.

Then many countries turned to other subjects to distinguish their postage stamps. They used ships, flowers, animals, bridges, sports, engines, and a thousand and one other subjects as the central design of their postal labels until today there is scarcely a subject that has not been pictured on a stamp.

For those of us who are interested in the Red Cross it is easy to find many stamps that will have special meaning because of their design. Right here in the United States our government has issued three special stamps—or commemoratives—that honor the American Red Cross.

The first of these was issued in 1931 and marks the fiftieth anniversary of the organization. The second was issued in 1948 and pays tribute to Clara Barton, the founder of the American Red Cross. And the third was issued in 1952 as a tribute to the International Red Cross.

Many other nations also have honored the Red Cross on their postage stamps. At last count there were nearly 1,200 different Red Cross postage stamps issued by more than 110 governments, and thousands of stamp collectors all over the world were forming special collections of just these issues.

The first Red Cross stamps were issued by Portugal in 1889. Then during World War I many countries issued special Red Cross designs to help raise the money needed by their national societies for war relief work. France and Belgium did this along with many other European nations.

In the years following the war many nations—Finland, for example—issued sets of Red Cross stamps regularly to raise





The first U. S. stamp to honor the American Red Cross, issued on its 50th anniversary.



Denmark's Red Cross stamp (above), and a stamp from Ethiopia (right).



funds for their Red Cross societies. Some countries—such as Turkey, Greece, and Colombia—make it compulsory to put a special Red Cross stamp on all letters mailed on a certain day during the year. The income from the sale of these special stamps goes to the Red Cross society.

As you might expect, nurses are perhaps the most common subject of Red Cross stamp design. Some 30 countries have used nurses on their Red Cross stamps. Other Red Cross activities also have been used.

A Saar issue shows a Red Cross dog leading a blind man. A blood transfusion is shown on a Hungarian stamp. The Dominican Republic pictured hurricane destruction to show one of the most common Red Cross activities—disaster relief.

Bulgaria has shown Red Cross work with civilian war refugees, Liechtenstein its first-aid program, and Turkey its ambulance service. In 1951 Denmark issued a special Red Cross stamp showing the hospital ship *Jutlandia* which served UN troops during the war in Korea.

On these pages you will see pictures of many of these stamps with the familiar red cross that is recognized everywhere as the symbol of mercy and friendship to our fellowmen. If you are already interested in stamp collecting, you may wish to add a special page or two of Red Cross stamps to



Canadian stamp (above); Costa Rican (below).



your collection. If you are new to stamp collecting, this little article may point the way to a new hobby.

In either case, Red Cross postage stamps are a colorful reminder of the great humanitarian organization which means so much to all of us.

THE END.

# With Song and Dance

When boys and girls in West Bend, Wisconsin, decide to put on a party, the party is bound to be something quite different, and lots of fun for everybody.

**F**OR ONE OF their recent projects, Junior Red Cross members in Kohlsville School, West Bend, Wisconsin, decided to give a birthday party for the women in the Washington County Home. They wanted this party to be something quite different from anything they had done before.

After discussing all kinds of ideas, they decided to put on a program of singing and dancing. They knew they liked to do both,

and thought their guests would enjoy them too.

They figured right, for the Home residents applauded every number on the program. The eyes of all the guests twinkled with fun at the way Billy escorted Judy in formal style, while Billy sang "Walking My Baby Back Home." And they laughed and clapped as Jonathon and Arnold, dressed all in rags, sang and acted out, "Oh, we ain't got a barrel of money, Maybe we're ragged and funny, But we'll travel along, singing a song, side by side."

The square dance, done by four couples dressed in western style, made the guests wish they were back in their youth, too, as they tapped out the rhythm with the performers.

Special musical numbers on the accordion also added to the enjoyment of the party.

It was hard to tell when the program ended, who had had the most fun—the guests in the Home or the Junior Red Cross boys and girls who had entertained them with song and dance. Anyway, they all decided they wanted to do it again "some day."



Billy escorted Judy in formal style as he sang "Walking My Baby Back Home" during the JRC program.



Accordion playing was also popular on the County Home program.



Jonathon and Arnold, dressed in rags, sang "Oh, We Ain't Got a Barrel of Money." ➤

PHOTOS BY BOB BOLTZ



The square dancing made guests wish they were back in their youth, too, as they tapped out the rhythm of the western music. ➤

# Luck for LITTLE LIHU

**Though Little Lihu had to stay  
home and miss the big bear hunt,  
he had plenty of excitement anyway,  
in this story by May Justus.**

**T**HERE WERE thirteen in the Linders family counting Grandpaw, who was 90 years old, to Little Lihu, who was 10. In between there were Pappy, Mammy, and nine other children besides Little Lihu.

Some of the Linders' neighbors were always reminding them that Little Lihu was the thirteenth one in the family, and likely to meet misfortune if his folks didn't take special care and look after him.

The Linders listened attentively to all these friendly warnings for Little Lihu's welfare. They tried to look after him in every possible way. They saw that Old Man Trouble never had much chance to slip up on him, morning, noon, or night

time. They were always cautioning him with some superstitious saying or sign.

*Don't put your left shoe on first.*

*Don't look over your shoulder at the moon when it's new.*

*Never touch a toad.*

*If you meet a black cat, turn and walk three steps back.* And many other warnings like these they gave him.

It was hard to remember all the do's and don'ts. Sometimes Little Lihu did remember—sometimes he forgot.

One day Little Lihu started to walk under a ladder which was leaning up against one side of the house. Pappy, who was mending the roof, looked down and saw him.

"Don't do that!" he yelled. "Don't walk under a ladder. It's bad luck!"

Little Lihu heard and started back. But he was so scared he was awkward, and tripped a foot in the ladder and fell flat.

Little Lihu was crippled for a week and had to hobble about on a homemade crutch for a good while after that, with his foot done up in a pine tar plaster.

"What did I tell you?" Pappy said. "But this will make you remember to look out for bad luck."

The next day Uncle Eb Holder rode up to invite the Linders—men and boys, of course—to go on a big bear hunt. A large bear had been seen on the other side of Little Twin Mountain, and all the menfolks round about were going after him.

"He's the varmint that caused so much excitement here lately," said Uncle Eb. "Reckon you've heard tell o' him."

"No," said Pappy, "we've been right busy with the crops here lately. We've had little time to gad about and pick up news about a bear or anything else. But about this hunt? Bear hunting is against the law in these mountains since they've been turned into a government park."

"Not this kind of bear hunting," Uncle Eb answered. "This is one that's escaped from the Bluff City Zoo. Special pet, I reckon he is. They've offered a big reward for him—50 dollars cash money."



"Let's go after the critter right away!" Grandpaw yelled.

Grandpaw usually led the way in any big undertaking, and the rest of the Linders family usually followed him.

With darksome looks and darker thoughts Little Lihu watched the hunting party go down No-End Hollow Trail—men, boys, and dogs. Some of the big brothers called back:

"Behave yourself, Little Lihu! Don't cripple yourself again."

"We'll bring you a handful o' bear fur."

"If we get the reward, we'll get you a poke o' peppermint candy!"

These farewells didn't make Little Lihu feel any better. He got his banjo and hobbled off to play away his mullygrubs. Out the front yard gate he went and through the orchard where he filled his pockets with apples from the old sheepnose tree. All about him the air was sweet with the smell of clover blossoms. All around he could hear the happy hum of the bees.

Little Lihu had another thought. When he had finished his apples, he would play himself a tune or two. Then he would have a treat. They had robbed the bees a few days ago and stored the honey on the shelves of the springhouse a little way up the creek. Pappy wouldn't care if he helped himself. His mouth fairly watered at the thought of eating a big hunk of honeycomb. And then he would have a drink of cool milk. Mammy wouldn't mind at all. Yes, he would have a fine treat by and by.

Now he laid his crutch on the ground, picked up his banjo, tuned it, and started to play.

When the song was done, Little Lihu felt like having his treat. With his crutch under one arm and his banjo under the other, he started for the springhouse, hobbling along the way as well as he could. It wasn't far off. He could see it through the trees, a little low-roofed log cabin at the head of the creek. It was a sweet, cool place used for keeping milk, butter, and other things.

(Continued on next page)



Illustrated by  
Lin Freegard McCoy

As he drew near, he saw with surprise that the door was open. Somebody had been mighty careless, Little Lihu thought. What if a stray pig or calf got in and gobbled up the milk and butter in the cooling crocks!

Then he heard something that made him



▲ Little Lihu saw a huge bear trying to reach the honey on the top shelf.

catch his breath. Crash! Smash! The sound of the crockery breaking against the rocks of the springhouse floor. Little Lihu tried to go faster. Farther and farther along he tried to swing his crutch. If he didn't get there in a hip-and-hurry, everything would be ruined. Maybe it was already, but he couldn't stop or slow up to think about that. Not even if his foot was hurting worse with every dragging step.

Smash! Crash! There went another crock. But he simply couldn't hurry along any faster. With a painful gasp of breath

he finally reached the springhouse and peered through the door.

What he saw inside made him reel back and sent his crutch flying. It was no pig or calf that was doing the mischief there, but a big brown bear. At the very moment Little Lihu saw him he was doing his best to climb the wall and reach the honey on the shelf. A big paw toppled the 10-gallon can and it rolled over and over on the stone floor beneath with a loud bang.

At the same time Little Lihu swung the door shut between him and the bear. But where was the bar that held it in place? There it lay on the ground, broken, close to his crutch. The crutch—it would do for a door bar! Little Lihu grabbed it up and shot it into place. The crutch would hold—it was made of hickory.

Inside, the bear was lunging around with the can of honey. He seemed to be having some trouble getting the lid off.

Little Lihu found a peephole in the chinking of the springhouse and screwed an eye close to it to watch the antics of the bear who had now found himself shut up and was trying to break the door down. He did not see or hear the folks coming up behind him, till all of a sudden somebody yelled, "Hey, there!"

He turned to see the hunting party, his own folks, and many others. It looked like all the men and boys on Little Twin. Grandpaw Linders was in the lead, and Pappy close behind him. They had tracked the bear up creek to this place, they explained.

Little Lihu left his peephole so that the others could have a sight of the big brown bear. He had to tell again and again what had happened.

"Reckon," said Uncle Eb Holder, "this old runaway bear is the Linders' prize."

"Reckon so," agreed the neighbors.

"You've got another guess," said Grandpaw. "This is Little Lihu's bear—leastwise the prize money will go to him."

"Whoopee!" yelled Little Lihu. "Good luck for me at last."

THE END.

# Fun-Plus!

**Junior Red Cross members in the elementary schools of Erie, Pennsylvania, have found that holding their very own training center for a week during the summer is lots of fun-plus!**

On the plus side, they gained much more information about the Junior Red Cross program than they had ever known before. They also found out many new ways to make their school councils click.

The fun really began long before the center opened, when the officers of the elementary chapter-wide council first met to begin planning the week's program. They liked the idea of helping the adult leaders with suggestions for conducting their center. The adults, too, appreciated all of the bright ideas the officers had for making the training center "the best ever."

When the 60 juniors from the 4th, 5th

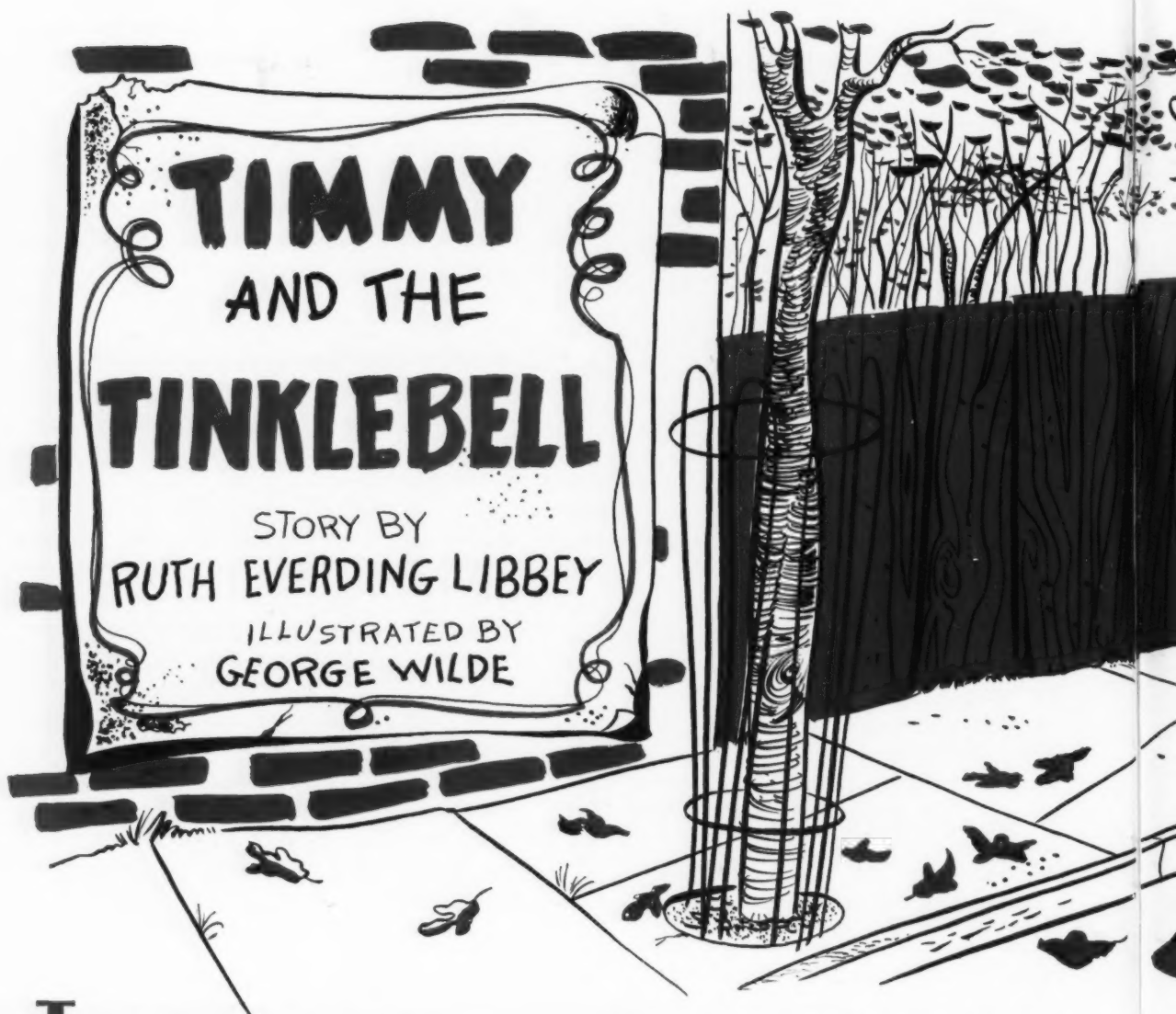
and 6th grades finally came together for their week's program, the fun really began picking up speed for all of them. It was not only fun to work together, but they also found they were learning new things about the Red Cross every day. The council officers began the program by putting on a play, "Crystal Gazing into Junior Red Cross Activities," complete with costumes, props, even sound effects.

The delegates entered into their panel discussions, their buzz groups, and demonstrations with lots of enthusiasm. They also enjoyed a water safety demonstration in an outdoor pool, a first aid demonstration, and the nutrition and cooking workshop at the Pennsylvania Electric Kitchens. The week ended with a "Town Meeting" when everyone had a chance to speak.

All the delegates agreed that the week's training center had given them many ideas they could carry back to their schools in the fall. It was fun for them, they said—fun plus!

**Delegates are shown how to make a bed, part of the Home Nursing demonstration at the Erie, Pa., training center. ➤**





**T**IMMY and his friend, Mrs. Kelly, were packing his toys in a big barrel.

"My, I wish you were moving to the city too," sighed Timmy.

Mrs. Kelly lived across the road. She had helped take care of Timmy as long as he could remember.

"What would you miss most if you moved to the city?" Timmy asked.

"The green meadow and the tinkling cowbells," said Mrs. Kelly. "I wouldn't like to look out of my bedroom window and see nothing but high brick walls. And you know, tinkling cowbells are my favorite music."

Timmy liked living in the city. He liked riding up and down in the apartment elevator.

"There's just one thing wrong," he told his mother. "I miss Mrs. Kelly very, **VERY** much!"

"I miss her too," said Timmy's mother. "But I don't think she would ever care to leave the country."

"If she came to live with us, she could have the bedroom overlooking the park, couldn't she?" asked Timmy. "The park is as green as the meadow. I have some money; I'll buy her a bell. If she misses the cowbells she could ring it."





"Well, we might ask her to come and visit us," smiled Timmy's mother. "Then she could make up her mind if she'd like to stay here."

Timmy said, "I'll go and buy a bell."

As Timmy walked up the sidewalk he saw a red-haired boy sitting in a little red fire truck. The boy was yanking a cord which made a brass bell ring—

*Bing-ity, bang-ity . . . bing-ity-bing!*

*Bing-ity, bang-ity . . . bing-ity-bing!*

"Will you sell me the bell on your fire truck?" asked Timmy.

"No," said the boy. "A fire truck must have a bell."

A little farther on Timmy saw a man in a white suit pushing a white ice cream wagon. Now and then he would stop and shake a little bell—

*Ring-ity, ring-ity . . . ring-ity-ring!*

*Ring-ity, ring-ity . . . ring-ity-ring!*

Timmy waved at the man.

"What kind of a cone today? Vanilla, chocolate, or strawberry?" the ice cream man asked.

"No cone today," said Timmy, "but would you please sell me your bell?"

"Oh, I couldn't sell my bell. I must ring it so the boys and girls will know that I have cones for them." ➔

Timmy came to the candy store. He looked at the licorice whips, lollipops, and peppermint sticks in the window. As he opened the door a tiny bell rang—

*Ding-ity, ding-ity-ding!*

*Ding-ity, ding-ity-ding!*

A lady asked, "And what would you like today?"

She seemed surprised when Timmy told her that he'd like to buy the little bell on the screen door.

"I'm sorry I can't sell it to you," she said. "But sometimes I am in the back room. When the bell rings I know someone has come to buy candy."

Timmy had walked almost around the city block. He was nearly home. "I never thought it would be so hard to find a bell in a great big city," he sighed.

Timmy stopped to look in the window of a Chinese shop. There were black elephants carved from ebony wood. There were white elephants carved out of ivory. There were some painted silk fans. But no bells.

The Chinese shopkeeper came outside to let down the green awning. "Why do you look so serious, young man?" he asked. "Is there something special that you are seeking?"

"Yes," said Timmy. "I'm looking for a bell. But I do not see any."

"My window is not large enough to display all the things in my shop."

As Timmy stepped inside he heard the sweetest tinkling sound. "Oh, what is it that I hear?" he asked.

The shopkeeper pointed up near the ceiling. "That is a Chinese windbell."

"But it doesn't look like a bell," said Timmy.

"No, it does not," replied the shopkeeper. "It is made from many odd-shaped pieces of glass which sway in the gentlest breeze. As the bits of glass touch one another they make tinkling sounds. Sometimes it sounds like rippling water or like singing trees."

"And sometimes like faraway cowbells," said Timmy. "Oh, how much is it, please?"

"It is 25 cents."

When Timmy reached home he carefully tied the windbell to a wall bracket which held a plant.

"Mother, come here. I have a surprise for Mrs. Kelly if she comes and visits us."

As his mother entered the room she heard the soft tinkle-bell music. "A Chinese windbell!" she exclaimed. "What a lovely surprise for her. And I have a surprise for you."

"Oh, what is it? Show it to me quick!"

"You can't see it just yet. We'll have to go to the airport right after lunch to meet it," she laughed.

"Oh, Mother, is it Mrs. Kelly?"

"Yes, dear, I telephoned to her right after you left. She is on the plane now getting nearer and NEARER."

Mrs. Kelly liked riding in the airplane. She liked riding up in the apartment elevator. And she liked her room.

She walked over to the open window and looked out. "I declare!" she said. "I thought I'd be looking out at high brick walls almost to the sky. And here I see a green park that is greener than the meadow at home. But what do I hear? Surely not cowbells?"

"No," laughed Timmy, "that's a Chinese windbell! I bought it for you."

"Why, I declare! Timmy, that's the most wonderful surprise I ever had," she said as she watched the tinkling pieces of glass sway back and forth.

Mrs. Kelly liked living in the city so much that she stayed on and ON and ON.



# GIVING IS FUN!



Last year members of the American Junior Red Cross sent over 525,000 gift boxes to boys and girls in other lands.

Illustrated by  
Rudolph Wendelin

## Boxes Get Around

IN AN ASSEMBLY program at Robert Treat School, Newark, New Jersey, Christa Tauscher told about receiving a gift box when she was in the hospital in Germany. Gregory and Martha Pawlenko of the Ukraine have also received many. How our boxes get around!

—JRC Newsletter, Newark, N. J.

## Are You Kind?

*Are you kind? Do you mind  
When others are crying?  
Are you kind? Do you mind  
When others are sighing?  
In this world so round,  
The Red Cross is found,  
In the place where the tears need drying.*

*If you're kind, you will mind  
When others are crying;  
If you're kind, you will mind  
When others are sighing.  
You can do your share—  
Send the Red Cross there  
To the place where the tears need drying.*

—Mary L. Sharkey  
Teacher, Chicago, Ill.

## St. Patrick's Tree

SURE, AND IT WAS a great day at Will Rogers Hospital when the veterans received a clever St. Patrick's tree, made by fifth graders at Willard School, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

The tree was a wild plum and had many branches. One boy's uncle who had a spray gun painted the tree snowy white and mounted it for the children to trim. The class made over 30 green shamrocks

and wired them on the branches with very thin copper wire. Out of this came the study of St. Patrick and the meaning of the shamrock. Then the boys and girls wired on about 75 hard green candies wrapped in cellophane to complete their tree.

## "A to Z with the ARC"

THAT WAS the theme song of a clever play put on by fifth and sixth graders of Glenridge School, Clayton, Missouri, to help student nurses from the Deaconess Hospital get a bird's-eye view of Red Cross services.

The program was given at the St. Louis Chapter house and the student nurses spent an enjoyable 2 hours getting acquainted with the volunteer programs of Red Cross.

The theme song is sung to the tune, "A—You're Adorable":

A is for the A R C, B is for the blood you see,  
C's for the CARE that they give. D's for  
DISASTER.

E's for EMERGENCIES, F's for the FRIEND-  
LY ways they have.

G's for the GIFTS they give, H for the HOS-  
PITALS.

I's for the IMPORTANT part they play.

J is for their JOURNEYS, K's for their KIND-  
NESSES,

L's for the LIVES that they can save.

M—N—O—P—This is not all they do.

Q—R—S—T—How can we explain what the  
NURSES do for YOU?

U—It's unbelievable, V—They help VET-  
ERANS,

W—X—Y—Z—Its wonderful, we say, how Red  
Cross works its way,

So VOLUNTEER, will you, TODAY!



DAILY OKLAHOMAN PHOTO

### PLANTS FOR PATIENTS

Billia Dean Fout, Washington School, Oklahoma City, Okla., smiles as she pots a plant for veterans at Will Rogers Hospital. More than 400 plants were distributed to the hospital by Junior Red Cross members in schools all over the county. Most pupils grew their own plants in classrooms during the autumn and winter.



